Pulpit Wags.

The bishop of Winchester was once very neatly "sold" by one of his own clergy in the diocese of Oxford, the Rev. Frank Burgess. Mr. Burgess was an ardent fox-hunter. The bishop, although a thorough horseman, detested sporting parsons. But Frank Burgess was not an easy man to deal with. He was independent and testy. Wilberforce tried two or three plans indirectly to let the fox-hunting parson know that he disapproved of the pastime, but, finding that these had no effect, the bishop determined to speak for himself, and, meeting Burgess one morning in Oxford, he gently led up to the obnoxious topic. "You had a capital day yesterday, Mr. Burgess, for fox-hunting in your neighborhood." "Yes, my lord," said Burgess, "most excellent, and a capital field and a splendid run." "I suppose you do not hunt now?" said the bishop, interrogatively. "Not much my lord," replied Burgess, and then, recollecting the bishop's objection, and thinking that this reply might be construed as casuistical, the vicar added "Not so much as I should like, my lord." "No, I dare say not," said the bishop; "but—but"—looking with that peculiar glance of his, a glance half sarcastic and half ironical—"do you think, Mr. Burgess, that your presence in the hunting field adds to your influence among your parishioners?" "I do not know whether it adds to my influence, my lord," replied Burgess; "but I do not know that it detracts from it." The bishop thought it necessary to be frank now in his turn, and putting on a severe tone, he read the vicar a sharp lecture upon the unprofessional character of a fox hunter in a black coat. Burgess listened as respectfully as he could; but when the lecture was over he bowed and asked permission to make one observation. This was to point out to the bishop that in the newspapers of a day or two before his name had appeared as one of those present at a state ball. "Ah, yes," said the bishop, promptly, "but if you had been there you would have seen that I was never in the same room with the dancers, Mr. Burgess—never in the same room." "And that, my lord," said Burgess, with equal promptness, "is my case. I have such bad cattle that though I ride to hounds pretty often, I am never in the same field with the hunt—never, my lord!" And the bishop once provoked an equally neat, if less personal, retort from a fox-hunting parson, who rode so regularly to hounds that Wilberforce lost his temper with him. "You go galloping all over the country, and your parish is going to the dogs." "That, my lord," replied the incorrigible priest, "is why I hunt. When my parishioners are going, as your lordship says, to the dogs (with a slight emphasis on dog), it is, I submit, my lord, my positive duty to go also, if only to look after them." But Wilberforce, as a rule, was as ready with his repartee as a man in his position must be. He once spoke to a keeper upon a neighboring estate, where he sometimes spent a quiet day shooting, about not going to church. The man pleaded guilty to the bishop's impeachment, but added that he read his bible on Sunday afternoons, "and, my lord," said the keeper, "I do not find there that the apostles went shooting." "You are quite right, my man, quite right," replied the bishop; "but it was because there was no game in the Holy Land. They went fishing instead."

Romance of Flowers.

Shortly after daybreak one morning in the season just passed, a young woman about nineteen years old entered the market and passed along from stall to stall, looking anxiously at the plants before her. She was dressed in a black well-worn gown, and her face bore the marks of long nights of sleeplessness. Suddenly she stopped in front of a stand, on which stood a pure white rose of the Mme. Rohan species. She gazed at it for a few seconds, and then turning to the good-natured looking dealer, she asked falteringly:

"What is the price of that rose, sir?"

"Sixty-five cents," replied the dealer. It was really worth more, but the refining influence that never fails to impregnate those whose lives are passed among flowers, taught the man that his prospective customer was very poor, and anxious to purchase a plant somewhat beyond her means. But the poor girl shook her head, and the tears started to her eyes as she slowly moved away.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed the dealer. "How much can you give for it?"

"I have only twenty-five cents," said the girl sorrowfully, "and I wanted that rose so much." She gazed at it again and was about to continue her way when the dealer said:

"Wouldn't a cheaper rose suit you? I can give you plenty of handsome roses for twenty-five cents each."

"Oh, no," said the girl quickly. "I wanted it for my sister. She is very sick, and she cares only for that kind. She says she wants to see one of them in bloom once more before she——"

Here the poor girl broke down, and for a moment hid her face in her hands. The dealer's business principles were not proof against such an appeal as this. Quickly he wrapped up the beautiful white rose and handed it to her. She laid her twenty-five cents upon the stand, thanked him, and went away with the flower.

Three days afterward the girl was again at the stall with the rose in her hand. Her face was a little paler and more worn than before, but otherwise there was no difference in her appearance. In the old quiet subdued voice, she said:

"Would you change this rose for me, sir? I want some cheap flowers to strew on a coffin lid."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the dealer.

"My sister died, last night, sir," replied the girl, her voice slightly trembling. "She kept her eyes upon the rose as long as she could see, and a few minutes before her death she asked me to allow her to kiss the blossom. That was just before she kissed me the last time."

The dealer had no loose flowers in his own stall, but he knew where to procure them, and going to the other end of the market he soon returned with a basketful, which he handed to the girl. As before, she thanked him without any profusion of words and hurried away.

"I never saw her again," said the bluff dealer, and though I tried hard, I could learn nothing of her history. There is the rose she brough back. I shall never sell it, for every time I look at it, I think of that dying girl's kiss upon its last year's blossom.

Queer Habits of Gulls.

Clothed with a mass of close feathers, the gulls appear larger than they are in reality, as seen when, on ample, slowly-flapping pinions, they sail along in a circling course, intent on the waves beneath. Rapid though their flight undoubtedly is, their powers are rather calculated for endurance and the ease with which they make their way. Opposing the head in a direct line to the wind, they ride out the severest tempest; and the higher and rougher the waves, the more abundantly is their prey brought within reach. All gulls prefer a fish diet, but gulls cannot dive to get below the surface. The gull must rise on the wing and drive herself into the water by main force. She is thus denied the power of selection which the diver possesses, and must take hold where she can, provided the fish is not too large to swallow. In the season when her brood is growing this would prove a serious drawback on the parent's efficiency but for an internal provision. Fish do not always rise to the surface. At certain seasons of the year and in severe weather at any season, fish generally swim deep in the water and give the surface fishers no chance. At such times, the gull must depend on shell-fish exposed along the shores by the ebbing tide; and here, too, the gull seems placed at a disadvantage. The crow, if fortunate enough to find a shell-fish, rises with it into the air, letting it fall on a stone, whereby the shell is broken and the fish easily obtained; but the gull either does not know of this plan or considers it a waste of means as she invariably swallows the shell-fish whole. But shells are indigestible even for a gull. The gull, if so fortunate as to catch a small bird (at a pinch, anything that can go down, is acceptable), does not pick its bones like a crow, but swallows it entire, and feathers are as indigestible in their way as shells. Further, the gull, if very hungry, will feed on grain for a time and seem none the worse, while a bird with a stomach adapted to masticate animal food only could derive no benefit from grain, but positive harm. The gull may be said to have three stomachs. The first stomach begins at the mouth, or mandibles, extending to the entrance at the breast, where the second or stomach proper, begins, and which terminates in the third, or gizzard. The entrance at the mouth is more than twice the size of the entrance to the other, so that a fish or other object too large to enter the second stomach is safely swallowed and retained in the first, either till reduced so as to pass easily, or to be vomited when required to feed young ones. Shell-fish are retained in the first stomach until the fish is wasted out of the shells, which are then vomited. A small bird is retained in the same way, till only the feathers and harder bones remain, and these are thrown up in like manner. And so with every other indigestible substance taken along with food: it never goes into the second stomach, except grain. These, after a time in the first stomach, pass on through the second to the gizzard, there to be pounded into nourishment for the bird. The advantages of this remarkable provision in the gull are no doubt many, but the following is instinctive and clear. I have seen a gull come to her nest and vomit a big fish for her young gulls. In less than a minute she swallowed the fish, flew to a projecting crag in sight of her nest, and eat down for half an hour, after which she flew back and vomited the fish to her hungry family. Now this strange proceeding was simply a necessity. A fresh fish will not pick easily off the bones, and the beak of the young gulls is soft. The fish in the case before us had been too short a time in the parent's stomach to be easily devoured by the young gulls. Besides, herring is the common fish obtained and herring have more or less oil below the skin and about the fins. This oil is very hurtful for young birds—makes them sick and miserable; but a short time in the first stomach of the old gull extracts this oil, sending it on to the second stomach to feed the parent, while the fish is not only rendered more wholesome for her family, but she can afford to give them the whole of it, being herself sustained by the extract. In feeding tame gulls I had to avoid herring, although I knew it was much valued by parent gulls; and I failed, as I at last discovered, because I could not extract the sickening oil without spoiling the fish. The process of mastication in the first stomach of the gull is not a little remarkable. Take, for example, a small bird. The second day after the gull has swallowed it, she vomits an object round as a bobbin, about an inch and a half long, or it may be two inches, and tapering to one end like a neatly-formed plug. When this is dry, as it is soon, examine it. It is a compound of feathers, with the legs, feet, bill, and a bit or two of the harder wing bones of the bird, carefully folded in the center. During the time since the bird was swallowed a ceaseless process has been going on to convert the bird into pulp and send it on to the second stomach. But the entrance to the second stomach is small, hence a process like whittling a plug—only the reduction goes on in the center of the plug, not on the surface—until everything nutritious is extracted, and then the refuse is at once rejected. This process is evidently enjoyed by the bird all the time. Now suppose you give a gull fish while the bird is inexhausted in her maw. She takes the fish readily, and apparently the bird lies in her stomach neglected, until the fish is disposed of, and then the bird is put into the mill afresh and finished, the only difference being a day later ere the feathery stopper is thrown up. If a gull is in difficulties she at once throws out the contents of her first stomach—never what has passed into her second. Does nature anticipate such difficulties by a press of work in the first stomach with the object of having its contents stowed away in the second as soon as possible?

A Miracle.

During a village school inspection the examiner is trying to explain to the fat-headed listeners the character of a miracle. He asks a scholar:

"What is a miracle?"

"I don't know, sir."

"If—all at once—the sun appeared in the heavens at night, what would you say it was?"

"The moon."

"But if you were told it was the sun, what would you say?"

"I'd say it was a lie."

"Now, I never lie. Suppose I told you it was the sun."

The scholar, after a moment's deep reflection, bobbed his head.

"Please, sir, I'd say you were drunk."

It is known that the Russian and Prussian goverments have adopted a kind of biscuit for horses containing much nutritive matter in small volume. According to La Nature, the biscuits are formed of the meal of oats, peas and linseed. The various combinations have been studied with care, and a mixture has been obtained so strong that one kilogramme of it is equivalent to five kilogrammes of oats. It has been found that horses bear fatigue better and are more vigorous when fed with these biscuit than when fed with oats. The biscuits can be threaded together by means of an iron wire; thus a horse may carry his own food for four or five days. During the late war with Turkey, Russia used 20,000,000 of these biscuits, and the results were so good that the authorities have continued their use in time of peace.

Help in Time.

Help, to be effective, should be timely. When the kidneys grow inactive, as they are apt to do, it is wise to lend them and the bladder early and judicious medical aid in performing their very important functions. The requisite energy is infused into their operations, without danger of exciting them, and with great benefit to the general health by using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic. Powerful stimulants are rather calculated to injure than benefit the kidneys and bladder, but this reliable promoter of energy imparts to them the requisite amount of impetus and no more. It should be remembered that kidney and bladder complaints, in an advanced stage of development, very frequently baffle medical skill and prove fatal. To guard against disastrous consequences, repel their advance by the means suggested.

AGRICULTURE.

LEVEL CULTURE.—At the beginning of farm life, in order to learn the most improved methods, I employed a first class farmer and gardener, fresh from England. He persisted in a mode of cultivation precisely the reverse of what I had been used to see—allowing the mangels and sugar beets, the corn, potatoes, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, cabbages, etc., to go without hilling up. Mangles and sugar beets stood high above the ground, the bulbous parts exposed to the sun, many of the mangles falling over and growing crooked. The part of the cucumbers above ground which I insisted was rather a root than a stem, and should be surrounded by earth was left entirely exposed to the sun. I thought the sun would parch the roots and they would break or be injured when the stem should fall from the upright to a horizontal position. The Englishman would have his way, but agreed I should treat some of each sort of plants in my own way. So a few of all sorts were hilled up, and fully as well worked in other respects as his, during the season. For a few weeks mine grew as well as his, and the cucumbers, peas, etc., bloomed as early. After one gathering of cucumbers, peas, etc., the dry season set in, mine perished, while his continued to bloom and bear; and so of the melons. My potatoes made about half a crop of small tubers, dug from dry hills; his yielded bounteously of large ones, dug from moist earth, at the same time and in the same field. So with the mangels, sugar beets, etc. they fired early in the season and succumbed to the drought. Without this experience, if one had said that hilling up growing plants would have killed them, I should have joined in the response of a million farmers, denouncing it as false and contrary to experience, because they did not perish on the day they were hilled up. Ever since I have avoided hilling and ridging about growing plants, and cultivated the soil as level as possible.

THE osier willow will grow in almost any soil or situation but to produce long switches the ground must be good. They are very easily propagated from cuttings of last season's growth. Make them ten or twelve inches long and plant very early in the spring; as soon as the ground is settled. If they are to make trees, plant them from 6 to 1[illegible] feet apart. If planted about ten or twelve inches apart on the bank of a ditch and kept trimmed they will make an excellent hedge in a few years, and the roots will prevent the banks from washing away or being broken down. The young growth makes excellent withes for tying bundles and many things for which strings are usually employed. Nurserymen appreciate their value for this purpose and use them almost exclusively for tying bundles of trees. We would particularly call the attention of farmers to this cheap tying material for binding corn fodder. For this purpose they should be cut down every year and allow young suckers to start from the root; these will grow from four to eight feet long during the summer. We cannot give any information as to the value or profit of them as an article of merchandise, except that some persons tried it a few years ago, said they had no difficulty in raising or preparing the willows for market, but they did not find ready sale for them. There are several varieties of osier willow in cultivation, but Salix Viminalis is the best.

WARTS ON HORSES.—A correspondent of an English agricultural journal gives the following simple remedy for curing warts of different kinds on horses, mules, and cattle: Anoint the wart three times with clean, fresh hog's lard, about two days between times. I have had warts on my horses—bleeding warts of large size, rattling warts, and seed warts, to the number of more than one hundred on one horse's head. I have never been able to find the warts after the third application of the lard. All disappear after the second application. For cuts, bruises, galls, &c., the application of fresh lard—either for man or beast—is worth more than any patent liniments in use. It will remove pain instantly, and does not irritate raw flesh, as all liniments do.

IMPROVING THE FARM.—If the farmer improves his farm he improves his financial condition. The more valuable he makes it the more his capital stock is increased, the larger will be his returns, and when he dies the larger will be the patrimony he leaves for his family. Fix up the old home then. Clean out the fence corners. Destroy the noxious weeds. Grub out the hazel and the sassafras. Burn out the stumps. Clean off the logs and stones. Make a paradise on earth of your farm, for are you not to live on it while you remain on earth and will not your family live on it when you lie in yonder grave yard? Plant out good orchards so that your family may enjoy the good fruit that you had the foresight and energy to provide for them.

FRUIT IN CELLARS.—Fruit in cellars is likely to suffer from heat rather than cold. In the slow operation of ripening, heat and carbonic acid are given off. Whenever the temperature approaches 40 degrees, the outer air, if colder, should be let in to reduce it. In the house cellar the accumulation of carbonic acid would be injurious to the health of the family, and it is highly important that this be removed by ventilation. In fruit cellars apart from the house, this is not necessary, as the presence of this gas, so injurious to animals, is neutralized by the atmospheric air.

THE use of dynamate for slaughtering purposes is meeting with much opposition in Europe, since such a method damages the heads of animals valuable for sale as food, besides the time occupied in arranging its application and the risk of injury to persons and property render the system less expeditious than that of killing by the old method.

Quite a Useful Engine.—A young graduate in mechanical engineering of the Polytechnic College, in Philapelphia, has recently designed a steam fire engine, especially adapted to small towns, where power can be profitably used for driving a grist mill, or saw and sash mill. The machine is without ornaments; it has all the essentials of the best steam fire engines, and it is so arranged that when run into the engine house it can be blocked up, the weight taken off the springs, the pump disconnected, and by a band on the flow-heel it can be made to run a set of stone, a planer, or other mills, according to the size of the engine. If an alarm of fire is sounded in the daytime, the belt can be thrown off, the blocks knocked out and pump connected in less time than it takes to tell it, and the engine, with a fire burning and steam up, is ready upon arriving at the scene of conflagration to go at once into service. If the alarm be at night, the engine is ready to run out, for the fires were "banked" when the miller quit work, the belt thrown off, the boiler filled, and every cause of delay removed. The engine being in daily use is always kept in order and ready for service. The stoppage of the mill while the engine is at the fire can occasion but little unusual inconvenience, for in such towns, in case of fire, everybody, even the miller, leaves his work and turns out to assist his unfortunate neighbors.

ONE DOLLAR EXPENDED Now in purchasing a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant by those troubled with a slight Cough and Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, may save the expense of a doctor's bill. A neglected Cough often ends in Consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the windpipe, the usual symptoms of which are Sore Throat and a Pain in the Breast, frequently leads to Bronchitis. A day's delay may entail months of suffering. Better try at once Jayne's Expectorant, a standard remedy, whose curative properties have been tested and approved by thousands.

DOMESTIC.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Cloths are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner and the pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

THE CRANBERRY AS A HOUSE PLANT.—The common cranberry is a most attractive plant when properly cultivated in pots, and can endure a good deal of neglect which would be fatal to other plants. A compost of muck and sand is the proper material for potting it in. Although usually regarded as aquatic in its nature, it will not do to have the soil saturated with water. What it requires is that water be within reach of its roots, and that the soil shall be one through which water can rise readily by capillary attraction. Let the pot stand in about an inch of water and it will thrive better than at any greater depth. The cranberry roots readily from cuttings, or it can be propagated by bending down the sprays and covering them with moist compost. It is beautiful at all times of the year and especially so after the fruit commences to ripen. Its red berries will remain on the vine for a long time, and are highly ornamental.

THOSE COMPLAINING of Sore Throat, hoarseness or "taking cold," should use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." The effect is extraordinary particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice

CLEANING TIN WARE.—Acids should never be employed to clean tin ware, because they attack the metal, and remove from the iron of which it forms a thin coat. We refer to articles made of tin plate, which consists of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten-stone and sweet oil, then finish with whitening and a piece of soft leather. Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere, planished tin ware will remain bright for a long period; but they soon become tarnished in moist air.

DRINKING WATER.—Water can be kept cool for drinking in warm weather by the following method: Get fresh water, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher wrapt around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth. Expansion produces cold; compression, heat.

The price of soap is rapidly advancing. A year's supply of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC bought now at the old price will be a very judicious purchase

CREAM FRUIT PIE.—Make a pie of fresh, canned or jam strawberries, raspberries or peaches. One cup new milk or cream; one-half teaspoonful corn starch, dissolved in a little cold milk; one tablespoonful of sugar, whites of two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Boil three minutes. When quite cold take top crust from pie, pour on the mixture, replace crust, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and set away to cool. Very nice.

A MOTH destroying tincture is made of one ounce of gum camphor and one ounce of powdered shell of red pepper, macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for seven days, and then strained. With this tincture, the furs or cloths are sprinkled over and then rolled up in sheets. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of "Chinese tincture for moths," and is found very effective.

EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.—Take four or five eggs, boil them three and a half minutes, then take them out of the shell and beat them up in a basin with pieces of butter the size of a quarter; salt and pepper to taste. After well beating, spread the mixture on hot buttered toast; place in a hot oven for about five minutes, and serve hot.

POISON ANTIDOTE.—Poisons of most any kind or degree of power taken into the stomach may be neutralized by swallowing instantly nearly two gills of sweet oil—a strong, healthy person may take twice that quantity. It is alleged that the oil will destroy the effects of any form of animal, vegetable, or mineral poison.

ANSWER THIS.—Did you ever know any person to be ill, without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure?—Ask your neighbor this same question.

ICED CHOCOLATE.—Set four ounces of grated chocolate over a slow fire with two tablespoonfuls of water. When dissolved, remove from the fire, add a cup full of warm water; mix with cold syrup, freeze and serve.

PUDDING.—A bread pudding should be tied loose, if batter, it must be tied tight over, and a batter pudding should be strained through a coarse sieve when all is mixed; in others, the eggs only. If you boil the pudding in a basin or pan take care it is always well buttered.

A HOUSEKEEPER says that her new cook uses a small flat turnip, cut smooth, and slightly dipped in lard, to grease the griddle with. The result is that she has hardly a bit of smoke in the kitchen.

DARK CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk. If the milk is sour, leave out cream of tartar; one teaspoonful different spices, two cups of rasins, one of the two cups chopped fine.

WE HAVE known persons to doctor for years for Consumption, all to no effect. Though they had a cough, felt pains in the Lungs, were depressed, weak and many other symptoms tending to that disease, yet there was no structural unsoundness of the Lungs, all these symptoms being caused by the Liver being sluggish, and the stomach weak. In all such cases the diseased conditions yield readily to Simmons' Liver Regulator, and the patient is invariably brought back to health.

"I have been down ten years with Liver Disease. I have had a severe pain in my left side for three years, with dry cough; this last Fall the cough became severe, and I coughed up half a gallon a day. The best doctors in Atlanta and my settlement said it was the last stage of Consumption. I was weakened down so by New Years day that I had to take my bed. I sent and got your medicine, (Simmons' Liver Regulator), and have taken it regularly. My cough is nearly gone; I am able to sit up half the day.

"G. M. DODD, N. P., East Point, Ga."

HUMOROUS.

WHAT MAKES THE TOWER LEAN?—They were deeply interested in ancient history and were discussing the peculiarities of the picture of prominent places, when he suddenly exclaimed, as he pointed to a building which appeared rather weak in the knees:

"What a funny-looking house! What is it called!"

She looked at him as if pitying his ignorance, and said:

"Why, that's the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa."

He studied the picture intently for saveral moments, and then asked.

"What do you suppose made it lean?"

"Well," said she, "I suppose the lack of pie, sir, caused a great famine in the land, and must necessarily have made it lean."

And now, whenever he is called upon to address a Sunday school, he always works this pungent point for the benefit of the children.

A PRINTER does not rush to the doctor every time he is "out of sorts." Nor to a baker when he gets out of "pi." Nor to a wood-pile when he wants a "stick." Nor to the Bible when he wants a good "rule." Nor to a gun-shop when he wants a "shooting-stick." Nor to a cabinet shop when he wants "furniture." Nor to a bank when he wants "quoins." Nor to see his girl when he wants to "go to press." Nor to a lawyer when he has a "dirty case." Nor to a butcher when he wants "fat," nor to an old cheese when he wants "live matter." Nor to a pump when he is thirsty and has five cents in his pocket. Nor to a butcher when he wants a "sheep's-foot," nor to a livery stable when he wants a "horse."

A MARYLAND farmer, the other day, went to Baltimore and permitted himself to indulge overmuch in the flowing. As a propitiatory offering to his wife he bought four pounds of sausage meat, and, as a handy place to carry it, he placed it in the crown of his hat. On reaching his station and attempting to alight from the car, the overloaded granger stumbled and went headfirst to the ground, bursting the high hat and scattering the sausage meat. The conductor horrified the passengers by singing out for "Help in Heaven's name—the man has dashed out his brains!" And so it seemed in the dark, until a light was brought and an inquest held—the jury rendering a verdict of "whiskey and sausage."

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

LEAP year has various effects on various girls. A young lady at Sandy Hill, N. Y., ran into the office of a staid old lawyer, hugged and kissed him, and said that she accepted his offer of marriage, though he hadn't made any. She was crazy. The fact that she ran into a lawyer's office instead of an editor's proves that.

THE following story illustrates the disadvantage of having an article in common use called after one's name. The chief of the clean McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabman about the fare. "Do you know who I am?" indignantly exclaimed the Highlander. "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are an umbrella," replied the cabby; "I will have my rights."

A RELIGIOUS body having resolved to build a new church, the pastor went about begging very zealously, accepting not only the widow's but the child's mite. In the school one Sabbath, while instructing the children he compared himself to a shepherd, and then inquired wha the latter did wieth his flock. Ont bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, "He shears them."

WE CAN insure any person having a bald head or troubled with dandruff, that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will do all that is claimed for it. It will not stain the most delicate fabric and is delightfully perfumed.

A CERTAIN Scotch gillie, it is said, is not often ill; but once he had the toothache. "And what did you do for it?" said one to him. "Weel, I just brought sax penn'orth o' laudanum, and mixed it wi' a pint o' whisky, and drink it, but it was na good." Here there was a pause, after which the speaker resumed: "So then I got another sax-penn'orth o' laudanum and put it into a quart o' whisky." "Well?" "Weel, when I woke two days after there was na toothache."

LITTLE Henry returns from catechism. He wears an air of melancholy. "What's the matter, dear?" asks Aunt Augusta. "Monsieur le Cure is always scolding me. To-day he asked me how many Gods there were." "Well, you told him one, I suppose?" "Oh, aunty! I told him five, and even that many didn't satisfy him!"

(OVERHEARD at a restaurant.)—Loquacious lady—"And you Chinese actually eat rice with chopsticks? How funny!" Chinaman—"You tinkee so?" Loquacious lady—"Of course. "Why, we use a spoon." Chinaman—"didee we, madam, long 'go when Cainee muchee barbarian too!"

ARTEMAS WARD once said gravely, almost sadly, "I have done too much fooling; too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live." "Well, what, for instance?" In the same grave way he said, "A lie."

Free Shade, Middlesex Co., Va.

Having used Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in my family with the greatest degree of satisfaction, I unhesitatingly recommend it as the best remedy that I know of for children. THOMAS Y. LAWSON

"DON'T I make a pretty picture?" exclaimed Jones, rather ruefully, as he stepped upon the river bank after his baptism through the ice. "A picture?" replied his friend Snodgrass. "I should call it a silly wet."

EFFIE (sitting on the mantelpiece): "Now I'm the clock. I'll tick, and you tell me when to strike, aunty. Tick-tick-tick-tick," etc. Aunty: "Now strike!" (Effie boxes her Aunty's ears.)

WHEN you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on a front door-step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.

The Ladies' Favorite.

Among the many thousands of ladies who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and pronounced it their favorite remedy, because so efficient in the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, are many who are well and favorably known in the world of letters, as well as artists, musicians, and a whole host of names from the brilliant ranks of wealth and fashion. It is pre-eminently the ladies Favorite Prescription, its use, while being far more safe and efficient, exempting them from those painful, caustic operations, and the wearing of those mechanical contrivances made like Peter Pindar's razor—seller's razors—to *sell*, rather than to cure.

KILLMORE, Ind., March 29th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health.

Yours truly, GRACE CHOATE.

422 Eutaw St. BALTIMORE, Md., June 10th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her.

Thankfully yours, R. T. MCCAY.

Salicylic Acid.—The beneficial effects of salicylic acid as a medicine have been much discussed in the medical journals. Its antiseptic properties render it useful in eruptive diseases, as diptheria, and it has the further advantage, when properly made, of being colorless and tasteless. It kills bacteria and other animalcules, and destroys the unpleasant odor of wounds. Professor Kolbe, of Leipsic, in his many experiments with the acid, found that rain or river water containing one-twenty-thousandth of a grain thereof would keep sweet in a warm room for weeks two or more, while similar water not so treated soon became unpleasant to the taste. this was confirmed by an experiment on a large scale; water charged with one gramme of salicylic acid to twenty litres was placed on board ship for a year's voyage, and was found sweet and free from organic matter when at the end the casks were opened. Milk treated with the acid remains sweet more than a day longer than without it. Eggs after a bath of acidified water keep sweet for months in a dry place, and meat sprinkled with the powdered acid and packed in a jar acquires no unpleasant odor. Wine may be kept from turning sour by the use of the acid; brewers find it useful in some of their processes, and its property of preventing putrefaction is turned to account in the making of glue and other manufactures.

Photography Under Water.—Mr. William Morris, of Greenock, has made a discovery by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms. Two of the negatives he has secured are remarkable distinct, but the others are rather dim owing to defects in the apparatus which he hopes to remedy. The camera is enclosed in a water-tight glass case, suspended by the centre and enclosed in a cover, that is drawn off after the camera—which is fixed on a tripod—has reached its position. One of the views, taken in the bay, shows a sandy bottom, with a number of large boulders covered with sea-weed, and an old anchor; and, in the shade, three mooring cables belonging to small yachts close at hand. When the weather calms down and the light becomes stronger Mr. Morris intends to carry out his investigations with improved apparatus, when he expects to achieve still greater results.

TOM, Dick and Harry are now appearing with their Grandfather's recipes for Coughs, etc., and seeking a fortune through advertising, but the people know the value of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and will take no other. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

A Novel Light.—Take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus; fill the phial about one-third full, and cork it tightly. To use this novel light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The empyt space in the phial beomes luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim its power can be increased by taking out the cork and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the phial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus thus prepared may be used for six months.

A New Use for the Electric Lamp.—A correspondent of the London Nature suggests a novel way of getting at the nature of an ailing person's complaint. Bringing the electric lamp to his aid, he would so construct an instrument as to have a series of persons arranged in the form of a semi-circle. These would each be so refractive as to secure achromatism, while the rays of light being bent, would enable the observer to peer into almost any part of the human frame he might please. Always supposing the savant's idea to be practicable, a wide field of thought opens up on such a subject.

It is now proposed to manufacture bricks entirely of new flint, without the admixture of alumina, or any other substance, to detract in any degree from the complete refractory character of the material. In the operation, the plan is to treat the flints in such a manner as to produce from them, when in a pulverized condition, bricks or blocks of the greatest attainable structural strength and durability—superior, in the various fire-resisting properties, to the best descriptions of fire-clay fabrics. The material when burned resembles a fine-grained freestone, and is sufficiently hard to resist the action of the weather. It is in furnace work and similar applications, however, that bricks made in this manner are expected to prove most successful.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.

Benzol and benzine have been generally regarded as synonymous, but certain pharmaceutical works now apply the term benzine to a light petroleum product. True benzole is soluble in half to three quarters of its weight of alcohol, while the petroleum spirit requires six times its weight.

CREAM SAUCE.—Half pound sugar, one tablespoon butter, and flavor to suit the taste.

Farming for Profit.

A new and comprehensive agricultural book with the above title has just been published by J. C. McCurdy & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. Written in a clear and vigorous style, by John E. Read, a practical farmer, who has also been editorially connected with the agricultural press for many years, this book will exert a strong influence for good. It will show men how to make more money and lead happier lives. Farm life is touched at all points; general agriculture, live stock, fruit growing, business principles and home life are all carefully and elaborately treated, and the work is adapted to meet the wants of farmers in all sections of the country. It contains 860 pages, with 140 illustrations (many of them very fine), a full index, is nicely printed and handsomely bound. A full description of this splendid volume may be had by addressing the publishers.

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VEGETINE.

For all Ladies

WHO ARE SUFFERERS.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, March 28, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir.—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine for Female Weakness, and in justice to the medicine, and to all ladies who are sufferers from such complaints, I will recommend the Vegetine. I must say it has helped me very much; indeed, it is invaluable for such complaints.

MARY E. MEREDITH,

160 Eastern Avenue.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.—Vegetine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cleanses and cures ulceration, cures constipation, regulates the bowels; headache and pains in the back cease; in fact, there is no disease or complaint where the Vegetine gives so quick relief, and is so effective in its cure, as in what is termed Female Weakness. It has never failed in one instance.

VEGETINE.

It is What is Needed.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir—For a long time I have been troubled with Female Weakness and a weak, sinking feeling at the stomach, and through the advice of a friend, I tried your Vegetine, and find it just what is needed. I can recommend it to all suffering from those complaints.

Yours, respectfully,

MRS. ANNABELLA HARWOOD,

312 Fourth Street.

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practising medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for 7 years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

Dr. W. ROSS, Druggist,

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton Iowa.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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